The Sketch

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PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER AND HIS MOTHER.

The infant son of T.R.H. the Duke and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY ANDREW FREDERICK, *is, through his mother, apparently the first descendant of King Charles II. to be in the succession to the Throne. He traces his descent through the Duke of Monmouth, who, marrying Anne Countess of Buccleuch in her own right, took the family name of Scott.* (PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC AGER.)

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

"Thus Conscience Doth Make . . ."

It has come as a shock to a good many people to learn from the Minister of Labour that, in the thick of this war, there are no fewer than 63,000 male conscientious objectors in this country. This means that about one man in every hundred called up for military service objects "conscientiously" to fighting for his country at the most perilous moment of its history. I cannot think that that is a very healthy sign, or very good propaganda for our cause. Of this large number more than half have been recognised as possessing a sincere objection, and have either been exempted altogether (these are a small proportion) or have been allocated either to Civil Defence, to work on the land or in "relief" services, to other work under civilian control, or to the Non-Combatant Corps of the Army, where they have a guarantee that they will not be called on to bear arms or to handle munitions. If they refuse to comply with these conditions, imposed by the Tribunals, they are liable to prosecution. There are, I believe, between three and four hundred in prison. Of the women so far called up, some 1700 have registered as C.O.s, and only 83 have been recognised as "conscientious." This disparity between the sincerity of the sexes is distressing to one of chivalrous instincts!

"It puzzles me how you manage to bear up under all this intensive shelling!" [DRAWN BY GAIS.]

Sincerity.

I am not going to discuss the ethics of conscientious objection—I should need an entire number of *The Sketch* and the effect on the circulation might be unfortunate. It is quite a mistake to regard all these people as humbugs, shirkers and cowards, or, as I recently saw them described, as "human vermin." Many of them are certainly not lacking in courage, and, so far as "sincerity" can be judged by objective tests, many—probably the majority—are passionately, not to say fanatically, sincere. But what is sincerity (said jesting Pilate)? There is a common tendency, which I have never been able to understand, to regard sincerity as an excuse for everything. And yet it is obvious that some of the worst harm in the world has been done by some of the most sincere people. For the matter of that, there is nobody more sincere than a lunatic. What is to be said, for example, of a person who "conscientiously" objects even to fire-watching because it is "part of the war effort"? Is there not a point at which it is fair to say: "You may sincerely think what you say you think, but it is so remote from all human reason and experience that it cannot be admitted as intelligible"?

Distorting Mirrors.

A visit to one of the Tribunals which have the extremely difficult task of judging these matters will convince any doubter that there are simply no limits to the eccentricities of so-called conviction. He will hear views put forward which he would not have thought possible in the twentieth century, and he will form some depressing conclusions about our intellectual "progress." He will certainly realise that, while it is possible for the conscientious objector to be sincere, it is well-nigh impossible for him to be consistent or even moderately logical. Half the trouble is the desperate attempt—not new in history—to be *in* this world and not *of* it, a feat which relentless nature has made impossible. Most of all will the visitor be impressed by that fatal facility of human nature for *making conviction coincide with inclination.*

"THAT *is Madame Suzette, on leave from his regiment."* DRAWN BY PITTS.

To all conscientious objectors I would commend some words of Oliver Cromwell—a sincere man, if ever there was one—uttered in 1647: "I know a man may answer all difficulties with faith, and faith will answer all difficulties really where it is, but we are very apt all of us to call that faith that perhaps may be but carnal imagination and carnal reasonings." And some still more famous words of the Protector: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken!"

"I wish we had one of those Tudor houses—this one's so old-fashioned!" [DRAWN BY JAYCOT.]

Side-Shows.

I wonder if the full story of this war, in every part of the earth, will ever be told? The history of the last war is, as yet, only half-written; imagination boggles at the literature which this one will produce. As for truth being stranger than fiction, the bromide has no salt left in it, in view of the things which are happening all over the world to-day. I have just been reading an account of a little side-show in Sind—a punitive expedition by parachutists against

some brisk brigands called the Hurs (no connection with Ben of that ilk), who apparently had been raising a merry little hell, all of their own, in the jungle. I read of troops wading through pestilential swamps, in a temperature of 120 degrees, with snakes, pythons, crocodiles (not to mention billions of mosquitoes) gambolling all round like a bad attack of the heeby-jeebies; of men "marching" up to their necks in stagnant, miasmic water and slime, panting yard by yard through country which sounds like the primæval slush from which our distant ancestors are supposed to have crawled. And yet—a mere side-show, an atom of war scarcely visible to the naked eye of the historian! No decorations for swamp-sweating—just part of the day's work! When we criticise the conduct of the war, let us sometimes remember what sort of a war we have on our hands as the trustees of a world-wide Empire. The thing is so vast that it is no wonder that we, in our arm-chairs, have difficulty in picturing it.

"Funny sort of names these foreign places 'ave. . . . There ain't one of 'em fit to call an 'ouse by!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

High Jinks in the Jungle.

Apparently there are certain compensations in jungle warfare, if you are lucky. You may find yourself a chieftain, magician or Lord High Panjandrum before you know where you are. This happened not long ago to a Rhodesian Sergeant Pilot now serving in the R.A.F. in this country. Crashed in the jungle, he lived for three weeks on roots and berries and slept in trees to cheat the ravening beasts of prey below. Enter savages in force, complete with spears but incomplete with costume; everything points to a dinner-party at which the Sergeant is to be the guest of honour. Ugly situation, tense moment—when the resourceful airman manages to convey that he is a bird-man dropped from the sky. At once he is a god!—and god-like sends a runner three hundred miles for an aeroplane-taxi to take him home. Of course, it is sheer Hollywood, complete in every detail of production (except, perhaps, Dorothy Lamour)—but it happened in this civilised world and this modern war! Duty being duty, the Sergeant Pilot had to return to it; but I wonder whether he does not sometimes mourn his lost godhead? Better to reign in the jungle than serve in civilisation? If it weren't for the mosquitoes, there would be much to be said for it.

"How careless of me! I've been working on the wrong canvas!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Hell-Broth.

One advantage of the jungle is that there is no price control for fresh fruit; and even if fresh fruit is in short supply, by living on roots and berries one is, apparently, adopting the most nutritious form of diet. We all know, in theory, at least, the virtues of rose-hip syrup; and I see that the distinguished bio-chemist who has produced forty million daily doses of hip-juice to brighten the lives of our children now has plans for all kinds of fruit delicacies on an enormous scale. Besides syrups, jams and preserved plums, we are promised "rich carrot treacle to make pickles and sauces, as well as eggless and sugarless cakes." This is good hearing, because not long ago millions of gooseberries were rotting on the bushes owing to the ingenious complexities of "control." It is also more encouraging than an article I have been reading on the manufacture of home-made beverages of sinister variety. They include nettle beer, dandelion wine ("always a favourite"), cucumber cocktail, and certain decoctions before which the stoutest heart might quail. One is "spinach cocktail," compounded of spinach, parsley, orange and citric acid, and another is "red beet port wine" (*alias* Red Biddy?), brewed of ground beetroot (with skins), sugar and pepper. Compared with these hell-broths, the recipe of the Weird Sisters would be, I should think, a delicious apéritif.

Home, Sour Home.

I trust it is not in the distillation of these Knock-out Drops that you propose to spend your Holiday at Home. Let us face facts—there is no such thing as a Holiday at Home. If there were no telephone and no mail; no shopping to be done, no meals to be provided, and no house to be "run"; no front-door bell; no garden with weeds in it; no children, no kind friends, no dogs, cats or other livestock—why, then it might be possible to enjoy a Holiday at Home. It is difficult, however, to get rid of these encumbrances, and it does not really work to stay in bed all the time, because (reversing that inaccurate

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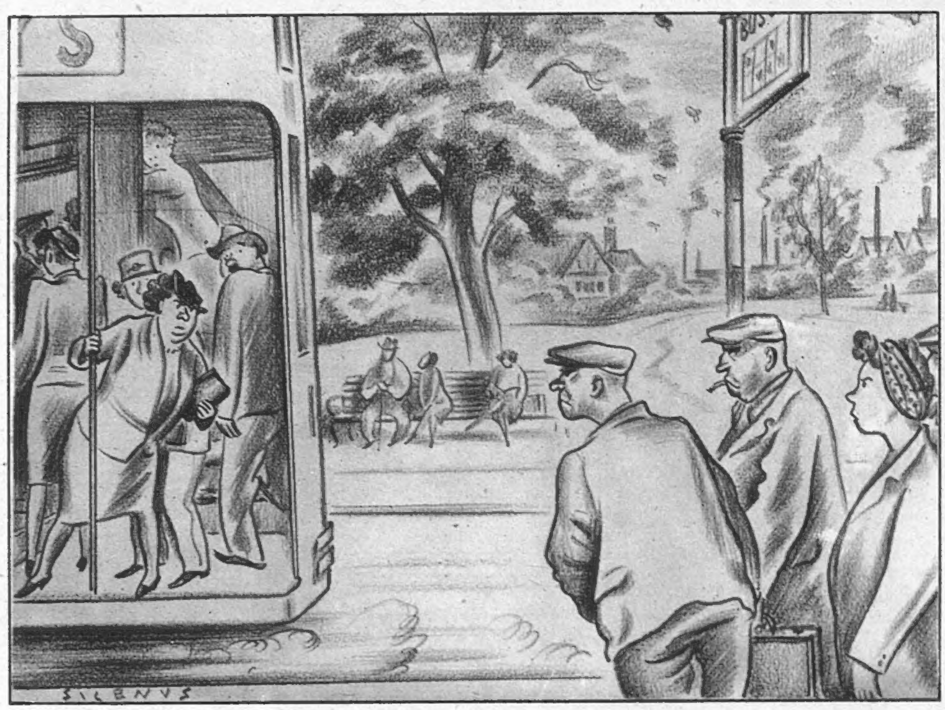
proverb) as you have lain in your bed, so you must make it. Consequently, the only practicable means of getting a holiday of this kind is to put oneself under an anæsthetic for a week or so. Otherwise, if you wish to be entertained at somebody else's expense and to be completely relieved of household cares, the best, and indeed the only, way I know is to go up to a policeman and give him a sock on the jaw.



"I'll have you know I'm not returning from shopping just when workers want the buses. I'm returning from a cinema!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

The Compleat Tangler. Not that I scorn the simpler pleasures or the gentle, domestic relaxations. On the contrary, it is, to me, one of the several disguised blessings of this war that there is no question of going to the seaside—a place which I have never visited without wondering why I ever went to the trouble and expense of doing so. Think of the pains people will go to, the sums they will spend, the journeys they will make, and the rigours they will endure, in order to catch a salmon or a trout! You can get just as much fun on the banks of the Serpentine, practically free of charge. I see that four thousand people have applied for permits to fish in this famous and prolific stream, and if you imagine that they are not "sportsmen," in the fullest sense of the word, you are greatly mistaken. Believe me, there is more rejoicing over one small perch from the Serpentine than over a dozen fat trout from the Test. We make our pleasures too elaborate. Tartarin de Tarascon got more thrill out of potting a rabbit than your intrepid big-game hunter ever got out of drilling holes in a man-eater. I am going to look round for a few ponds and puddles for some restful holiday fishing. Even if one is unlucky with the sticklebacks, one can nearly always, with skill and patience, hook a well-grown sardine-tin.

As Pants the Hart. Again, if one wants simple but healthful exercise during a holiday at home, one can always do some queue-standing. Like golf, this sport develops the character as well as the muscles; it provides relaxation without being too strenuous; it stimulates the social instincts and promotes patience, tolerance and restraint. Many people, not otherwise athletic, can do two or three rounds a day at this exciting game, and some, indeed, seem to do nothing else except when sleeping or eating. A few are so enthusiastic that they play the game not only for themselves, but on behalf of all the neighbours; not long ago, the Minister of Fuel told us of a devotee of the sport who headed a queue with 300 ration cards in a suit-case. What astonishes me about this new national pastime is the lure of the lollipop. As pants the hart after the waterbrooks, so pants the British public after sweets and stickjaw. I will chew a chocolate with anybody, but I never, since I was about ten, met the chocolate for which I would give myself varicose veins. I am beginning to think that the Briton is more addicted to toffee than to beer, and the thought depresses me.

Who Dropped That Brick? I am making a nice little collection of statutory definitions under the Rules and Orders which now descend upon our heads in a ceaseless avalanche. It is wonderful how much they teach you about common objects; they are as revealing as Ripley. For example, do you know what a brick is? You may think you do, but before displaying your ignorance you had better refer to the Bricks (Control) Order and the Bricks (Charges) Order of 1942. There you will learn that a building brick is a "walling unit" (not being a hollow block) and that it "consists of hard and durable inorganic substance other than refractory substances employed specifically on account of this refractory property," that it is "suitable for building and bonding" (I wonder if that is why it is called a building brick?), and that it is "of such a shape, size and weight that it can be manipulated by one hand." So there you are, and perhaps in future you will look at bricks with a more seeing eye. If the framer of this Order will kindly pass me a brick of durable inorganic substance, I will undertake to manipulate it with one hand.

WASTE-PAPER CHASE.

Bethmann Hollweg's notorious "scrap of paper" referred contemptuously to a signed Treaty which any nation other than Germany would have considered sacred. The ordinary scraps of paper of your daily life should be considered just as sacred, and do not forget it is your duty—and an easy one—to collect these for the making of all sorts of things in the munition factories.

". . . and often, no doubt, you say to yourself: 'Is there any more work which I might be doing?'"

DRAWN BY JOHN G. WALTER.

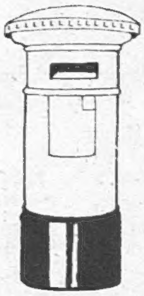
The forty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

P.T. INSTRUCTOR: "NOW, MISS, YOU MUST *TRY* TO IMAGINE I'M A TOUGH CUSTOMER."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Mrs. Savernack gave a Party last week. We all brought our own food, and at the end there was a collection for the Canteen; but still, it was a Party, and caused more excitement and gave more pleasure than anything that has happened here for a long time.

Mrs. Savernack had her cousin, who is a real Cabinet Minister, staying with her, and she asked us all to come in our very best clothes, because of the Cabinet Minister's wife, who, Mrs. Savernack said, is considered the Best Dressed Woman in London. You can imagine what a stir that caused, but, of course, everybody was simply delighted to have the chance of wearing their very best, because there is a strong feeling down here that, unless particularly requested to do so by one's hostess, any form of Full Fig is unpatriotic.

Everybody rushed to get furs and feather boas out of moth-proof bags, and best frocks, which had been hanging between sheets for at least two years, were taken down and tenderly ironed.

"When Lady B. was seventeen."

"I was propelled unwillingly into the Presence."

Two days before the Party I found Lady B. in the Street, breathing wistfully on the glass window of Mathilde, our dress shop. "You see that little black hat, Henrietta," she said. "Well, I want it for the Party."

"Are you sure?" I said, because Lady B. always used to get her hats in Paris, and has vowed more than once that nothing less distinguished shall rest upon her head until every German has been driven from the sacred soil of France.

"Perfectly sure," said Lady B. firmly. "I 've only made a mistake over a hat once in my life, and that was when I was seventeen. It was made of pale-blue chiffon and had a pink rose under the brim. It was a terrible hat, but the first time I wore it Henry proposed to me. How odd it is that all the nicest men prefer a bad hat to a good one."

I said, "Yes."

"I never thought I 'd want to buy a hat out of our Street, but I want that little hat," said Lady B., and she heaved a sigh which blurred quite a large patch on the shop window.

"Buy it," I said.

Lady B. turned anxious blue eyes on me. "Do you think it would be helping Hitler?" she said in a low voice.

"It would help Mathilde's shop."

"It is sometimes very difficult to know what is the Right Thing to do," said Lady B., and she sighed again.

I rubbed the glass with my handkerchief, and we gazed once more in silence at the little black hat. Then I said: "If you were to wire the brim of the hat you wore at the Thomson wedding, you could make it very like that one."

"But I 'd never get a quill that colour. I like the quill."

"There are seagulls on the beach," I said, "and I have some coloured inks."

The weather on the day of the Party was lovely, and I thought I had never seen the Locals looking so smart and gay, but as soon as we caught sight of the Best Dressed Woman we realised that the one thing we had forgotten to do was to shorten our skirts. This cast a dowdy gloom over the beginning of the Party, though people were able to throw it off later and enjoy themselves. Lady B. looked a peach in the home-trimmed hat, and personally I thought she left the Best Dressed Woman at the post, but that may be because I had had a hand in the trimming.

I wore my black London coat, and my fox fur, mercifully preserved from the moth, and the hat I wore last time I lunched with you at the Savoy Grill. I remember you said you liked it, Robert, and so, according to Lady B., either you are not a nice man, or it is a bad hat. I kept thinking of this, and what fun that lunch had been, and how little real fun there is about these days, and what with these sad thoughts and my usual Party Panic, which attacks me on the doorstep, I arrived at Mrs. Savernack's house in a very low state, and it was all I could do to get myself in at the front door.

The first thing I did at the Party was to tread on a tomato sandwich which Colonel Simpkins had dropped on the floor, and grind it into the carpet with my heel. Drawing back with a cry of dismay, I bumped into the Conductor, who spilt his tea down the back of my coat. The Conductor mopped me up with his handkerchief, and we managed to scrape the tomato sandwich off the floor with the fire-shovel without either Mr. or Mrs. Savernack seeing.

"And this is our Doctor's Wife," said Mrs. Savernack, and I was propelled unwillingly into the Presence.

"I 'm not. I 'm Henrietta Browne," I said.

"Yes?" they said, with gracious Government House smiles.

"At least, of course I *am* the Doctor's wife, but I 'm Henrietta Browne too, if you know what I mean. I always think it is rather depressing being called somebody's wife all the time. I expect you find that, don't you?"

The Best Dressed Woman looked at me without sympathy. "It has always made me very proud," she said simply, and she and the Cabinet Minister exchanged a long, loving smile. After that there was a pause.

"I bumped into the Conductor."

Feeling it was up to me to make a non-committal remark, I asked if they had seen the Savernack's garden. They said they had, and that the fruit was magnificent.

I said: "We 're going to have a plumper bum crop this year." Then Lady B. came and led me away.

Mrs. Whinebite arrived late, wearing the Mathilde model, and gave Lady B. a very disagreeable look. Mrs. Whinebite, who ought always to wear hats trimmed with raffia, and generally does, looked terrible in the Mathilde, and nobody but she and Lady B. and I recognised it as a twin.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 5.

Lifelong Teetotaller wishes to know : " HOW IS THE MAIN BRACE SPLICED ? " *Our Commander Robinson knows the answer. Tie the broken ends of the brace loosely together with string ; man the capstan ; haul on the hawser ; sing a shanty, and pull, all together. After that, gentlemen, you may fill your glasses ! Questions from our readers will be welcomed ; please send them in.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

As we came out of the show of "MRS. MINIVER" (Empire), a colleague of mine, who has recently come back from Hollywood, remarked to me: "That film is the best propaganda for England that has been made since the war started. It 's worth a whole division to us in America." I have no doubt at all that he is right.

"Mrs. Miniver," which was made in Hollywood, explains the British people to Americans in the idiom they understand, and with a warmth they can appreciate. I doubt whether any film made on this side of the Atlantic could have summed us up, as a race, with such clear perspective and with such an absence of self-consciousness. I am quite certain we should have missed that touch of sentiment which alone can bridge the gap between first and second-hand experience. I fancy we are still too close to the facts of war, to Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain and other events recorded in "Mrs. Miniver," to be able to talk about them freely. "Mrs. Miniver" may have lost in accuracy of detail through being made so many thousand miles away, but I 'm sure it has gained in over-all truth.

The film, as you may know, is based on a little book of collected articles by Jan Struther. Miss Struther lived in Rye, and used to write a column for *The Times* about those ordinary people, the Miniver family, their neighbours, their village and their mild adventures, which became not quite so mild when the war started. Then Miss Struther went to America, and began lecturing about the Minivers and other ordinary English people. Someone close to the President once remarked that she was "a second British Ambassador, only much better than any ordinary one." Incidentally, the authoress provided a fleet of ambulances with the proceeds of her lectures, and one of them, the "Mrs. Miniver," may sometimes be seen driven about London by her brother, Major Anstruther.

The little book of collected articles was bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Four writers in Hollywood, including two Englishmen, James Hilton and Arthur Wimperis, put it into script form. The casting of "Mrs. Miniver," which exercised the studio gravely, could hardly, I fancy, have been bettered. Greer Garson earned the leading rôle through her Mrs. Chips, her "Pride and Prejudice," her "Blossoms in the Dust." As a typical, middle-class wife and mother, a woman in her early forties, who likes "nice things, far beyond her means, pretty clothes, gardens, good schools for the children," she is sympathetic without being sloppy, delightful without being gushing. How beautifully she suggests the emotional control of a woman who knows that her family, her children and her men-folk, depend on her for comfort and sanity. Nothing is over-played, yet everything is hinted. It is her rôle to break the news of his young wife's death to her R.A.F. son, to reassure the children during a bad night in an air-raid shelter, even to tackle a German parachutist while her husband is away at Dunkirk—and, whatever she has to do, she does without fuss, with the minimum of words, with the most delicate and sensitive understanding of human nature.

Walter Pidgeon, Canadian born, American bred, may not have been the obvious choice for Mr. Miniver, but it would be hard to find any fault with his interpretation of the part. Strong and restrained, very quiet in all his movements, and not, you feel, without humour, he is fast becoming one of the best actors of manly rôles in Hollywood. The young people in "Mrs. Miniver," the R.A.F. son and the granddaughter of the rich lady of the village, whom he marries, are played by comparatively-unknown actors. Richard Ney, who plays the boy, is, indeed, quite new to movie audiences. He comes from New York, looks and speaks rather like a very young James Stewart. He is not, perhaps, just the type customarily associated with the R.A.F. and Oxford, but he has character, and should develop, I think, into a very promising player. The girl is that delightful creature Teresa Wright, who we saw as Bette Davis's daughter in "The Little Foxes." Nothing could be more tender than the way in which she plays the tragic girl-bride.

It remains to be seen whether "Mrs. Miniver" will repeat in England the overwhelming success that it has already had in America. Much depends on our enjoyment of "a good cry," for I can imagine few people—few women, at any rate—who will be able to sit through it dry-eyed and unshaken. Whatever our own views, we are bound to recognise it as a sincere and very warm-hearted gesture from our friends in America. And there are scenes in it that I think will long be remembered as classic bits of film-making—the night in the shelter, and the gathering of the river-boats for Dunkirk—the suspense and secrecy of Dunkirk week as it seemed to the people at home.

"GREEN-EYED WOMAN" (Plaza) is the English title of a comedy that was more brightly, and I think more representatively, named "Take a Letter, Darling" in America. The "darling" who takes the letters of the not noticeably green-eyed woman is Fred MacMurray. A struggling painter, who wants to earn enough money to go to Mexico in a trailer and put the colours and types of Mexico on canvas, he reluctantly takes a job as secretary to an advertising agent, Miss A. M. McGregor (Rosalind Russell). His employer is the type of beautiful and successful careerist that Hedy Lamarr has already made familiar to us in "H. M. Pulham." She has a fur coat and a sleek automobile. No million-dollar account is proof against her blandishments. She knows just how to flutter her eyelashes at a soup-king, and murmur: "Frankly, as a man you 're a fascinating personality, and I 'm intrigued with the idea of handling your advertising interests."

Unfortunately, the charm which is such an asset in handling clients is apt to prove disastrous in the office. Four male secretaries have already lost their heads and their jobs through the fatal lure of Miss A. M. McGregor. The fifth, the artist Tom Verney, seems likely to be a different proposition. He is brusque, not to say rude. He is square-jawed. He despises his work. When Miss McGregor asks him: "What do you think of me as a woman?" he replies tersely: "You 're a very successful woman, beautiful and clever, that 's all." "Do you think you could ever fall in love with me?" she persists. And he answers firmly, "No." But cinema experts will realise at once that this is the green light for both of them.

Love, mutual love, comes soon to secretary and boss, but is complicated by some scruple, which I admit I don't quite follow. Miss McGregor, it seems, is unwilling to admit that a kiss exchanged in a lakeside cabin is anything more than an ill-considered incident. So the secretary takes up with the sister of a tobacco-king, and his employer

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazi family in the U.S.A.

**Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

**Duchess: "LIFELINE." First-rate acting in play on the Merchant Navy. Wilfred Lawson, Frank Pettingell, Arthur Sinclair, Terence de Marney.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel, Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

Phœnix: "SKY HIGH" Revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elizabeth Welch.

Piccadilly: "MACBETH." John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

***St. James's: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*St. Martin's: "RAIN." Revival, with Wanda Rotha, G. H. Mulcaster.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Stoll: "ROSE MARIE." Revival, with Marjorie Browne; Phyllis Monkman; Raymond Newell.

*Strand: "REBECCA." Revival, with Owen Nares.

**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

takes up with Jonathan Caldwell, the tobacco-king himself (MacDonald Carey). These complications, temporary though we feel them to be, draw out the film by several reels, and give newcomer MacDonald Carey a chance for some slick, polished acting in something of the Adolphe Menjou manner. All comes right at last, though, after the secretary has used his painter's talents to secure the millionaire's tobacco account. His bright idea is to show Whistler painting his mother, and others of the world's great artists painting their masterpieces, under the soothing influence of a Caldwell pipe.

Paramount's "Holiday Inn" (Plaza, July 31), with twelve Irving Berlin tunes, stars BING CROSBY *and* FRED ASTAIRE *as song-and-dance men who compete for the love of Linda* (MARJORIE REYNOLDS; *left*), *leading lady to Bing and Fred's dancing partner. Lila* (VIRGINIA DALE) *partners Bing in his turns, too.*

"RED FLYER" (Tatler) is a biography of one of the Soviet Union's great legendary heroes, Valery Chkalov. In Chkalov's case, legend has grown quickly, for it is only three years since he died at the controls of a new 'plane he was testing, and his ashes were borne to their last resting-place in the wall of the Kremlin by no less a person than Stalin himself.

Chkalov is best known outside Russia as the first man to fly over the North Pole from Moscow to Vancouver. This flight, taken with two companions in the summer of 1937, is the high moment of the picture. Earlier scenes show him as a daredevil young Army flyer, civil pilot and test pilot, constantly in disgrace through his defiance of discipline. Soberly and affectionately, the development of his character is studied, and we see how Stalin took a personal interest in the young flyer, taught him to put his country first, restrained and encouraged him. The latter scenes show Chkalov's reception in America after the Polar flight, and his return as a hero to Russia.

The film has been "dubbed" into English, and the producers claim that the dialogue is that which is known to have been used at the time, and that the episodes themselves are authentic. Not everybody cares for the "dubbing" method, but there is no doubt that Herbert Marshall's choice of words is felicitous and very human. "Red Flyer," without being the greatest of the Soviet films, is an intensely sincere one. V. Belokurov makes Chkalov a strong and likeable fellow, and M. Gelovani is most impressive as Stalin—with Harry Welchman as his English voice.

"To the Shores of Tripoli" (Gaumont, Haymarket, August 2) is a story of U.S. Marine recruits. JOHN PAYNE *as Chris Winters, an educated and spoilt ranker, saves the life of Sergeant Dixie Smith* (RANDOLPH SCOTT), *with whom he has a feud. Mary, Chris's girl, is played by Maureen O'Hara. Ending with the news of the attack on Pearl Harbour, the film has a stirring marching song, "The Marines' Hymn."*

Prudent is the film studio that insures itself these days with a young and personable singing star. War-subjects come and war-subjects will go, but an attractive young girl who can tackle anything from grand opera to the latest swing number, will always please the customers. After Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Susanna Foster, Kathryn Grayson and Gloria Jean comes a new larklet, Gloria Warren. Gloria, who makes her début in "ALWAYS IN MY HEART" (Warners), is fifteen.

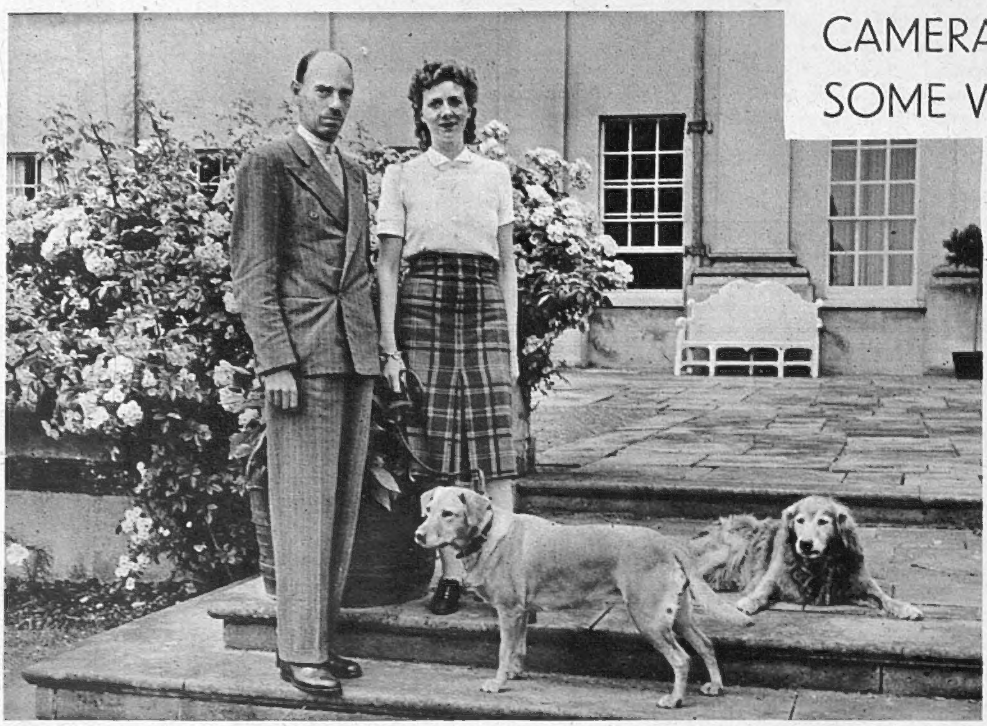
The film is a sad, sad piece about one of those unjust prison sentences. Kay Francis is a noble matron with a shadow on her life. Thirteen years ago her husband (Walter Huston) has been convicted of a crime he didn't commit. She has agreed to a divorce. When the film begins, love, in the shape of a benevolent and wealthy gentleman, has again crept into her life. But it is not to be, this comfortable insurance against old age. The ex-husband, pardoned, makes his home near hers. He will not reveal his presence, but his daughter (Gloria Warren) finds him. And then, of course, old love springs up again, old ties are renewed, and the family group is reunited, with daughter singing "Always in My Heart," her father's theme-song.

"Pacific Blackout" (Carlton Theatre, July 31) is set in a big Pacific Coast city where a realistic full-dress air-raid Alert is being held. As the sirens scream Robert Draper (ROBERT PRESTON), *inventor, is condemned to death for murder on the perjured testimony of Marie Duval* (EVA GABOR; *right*). *Twice he escapes his guard in the darkness and excitement, and with Mary* (MARTHA O'DRISCOLL; *on sofa*) *he rounds up spies who take advantage of raid conditions to attempt sabotage of munition works.*

"Always in My Heart" (Warner Theatre). Mac Scott (WALTER HUSTON), *musician who has served a term in prison, cannot keep away from his family, though his wife wants to marry again. Vicky* (GLORIA WARREN) *doesn't know that "the Professor," as they call him, is her father, and as he tunes the piano she tells him she wants to be an opera singer. Vicky sings "Always in My Heart" which Scott has written in prison. The band of Borrah Minevitch is a feature of the film.*

"THE MALE ANIMAL" (Regal) is another of those now frequent films in which Henry Fonda has to behave in a frenzied and besotted way. This time he is a college professor with a young wife (Olivia de Havilland) and emphatic opinions about democracy and Free Speech. The two interests, as it were, get mutually confused, and the advent of the Big Game—the Big Event, as you must know, of campus life—leads the ardent but remarkably foolish professor into embroilments with which he is quite unfitted to cope. It is only when a burly footballer (Jack Carson) grows over-attentive to his wife that the Male Animal in the professor takes precedence over the mere M.A. The academic mood, of course, triumphs at the last, but I cannot feel that the film as a whole will induce many to leave the comparative quiet of the unlearned world for the hurly-burly of the higher culture.

CAMERA COMMUNIQUÉ ON THE SOME WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS,



The marriage of H.H. PRINCE ANDREW OF RUSSIA, *eldest son of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Alexander and of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Xenia, daughter of the late Emperor Alexander III., to* MISS NADINE McDOUGALL, *eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert McDougall, of Cawston Manor, Norfolk, and of Mrs. McDougall, of Provender, Faversham, will take place in September. The engaged pair are seen at Lees Court, seat of Earl Sondes, brother-in-law of Miss McDougall.*

The marriage of MR. HARRY HOPKINS, *close friend of President Roosevelt, and head of the Munitions Board, to* MRS. LOUISE MACY, *formerly Paris Editor of a fashion paper, was fixed for July 30 at the White House.*

Right: The Silver Wings Trophy, for the best A.T.C. boxing team, was won by a squadron of the Dagenham A.T.C. WING COMMANDER G. KEAT, *Officer in Command all branches of A.T.C. training, presented it.*

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *had her character read by handwriting at the Belgrave Square Open Air Market and Fête last week in aid of the Red Cross and St. John war organisations.*

CAPTAIN ERIC WILSON, V.C., *and his mother look contented. No wonder; for he was reported to have been awarded the V.C. "posthumously." He was not dead, however, but a prisoner of war, and has now got home.*

LIGHTER SIDE OF WARTIME LIFE: A CHRISTENING AND NOTABILITIES.

The marriage of CAPTAIN ROBERT GILLOTT, *Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, elder son of Captain B. Gillott, of Wootton Wawen, Warwickshire, to Miss Hélène Kayser was fixed for July 30 at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.*

MISS HÉLÈNE KAYSER, *only daughter of Mrs. R. H. Behrend, of Rabley Park, South Mimms, and of Lieut.-Colonel Frank Kayser, arranged her wedding to Captain R. Gillott for July 30.*

MISS ELIZABETH SINCLAIR, *younger daughter of Sir. Archibald Sinclair of Ulbster, Minister for Air, married* CAPTAIN ARCHIBALD M. LYLE, *the Black Watch, in the Crypt of the House of Commons.*

MISS PAULINE CALDWELL *posed for the Girls' Training Corps recruiting poster. She was an art student, and is now working on a farm.*

. JAMES CULL, M.C., *Welsh Guards, and* MRS. CULL *with their son, ently christened in the Guards' Chapel. Mr. Cull is the son of Mrs. A. E. K. Cull, of Llwyndy Court, Abergavenny.*

MISS IRENE MARSHALL, *of the Women's Land Army, presented the cheque of £5600 to* SQUADRON LEADER BARRY HEATH, D.F.C., *for the Land Girls' "Spitfire," subscribed for by Land Girls all over the country.*

THE AUGSBURG RAID V.C. AND HIS BRIDE.

ACTING SQUADRON LEADER JOHN DERING NETTLETON, V.C., R.A.F., *son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nettleton, of Cape Town, and his bride,* ASSISTANT SECTION OFFICER BETTY HAVELOCK, W.A.A.F., *daughter of Captain and Mrs. Havelock, of Langdale, Paignton, after their wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's, Lincoln, last week. The bridegroom won the V.C. as leader of one of the two formations of six "Lancaster" heavy bombers in the famous daylight raid on Augsburg on April 17. He was born in 1917, started life in the Merchant Navy, then became a civil engineer, and entered the R.A.F. in 1938.*

The scene in an R.A.F. Operations Room during a Combined Ops. raid is presented in "EAGLE SQUADRON." *Anne Partridge* (DIANA BARRYMORE) *is the girl at work at the table on the upper left-hand corner.*

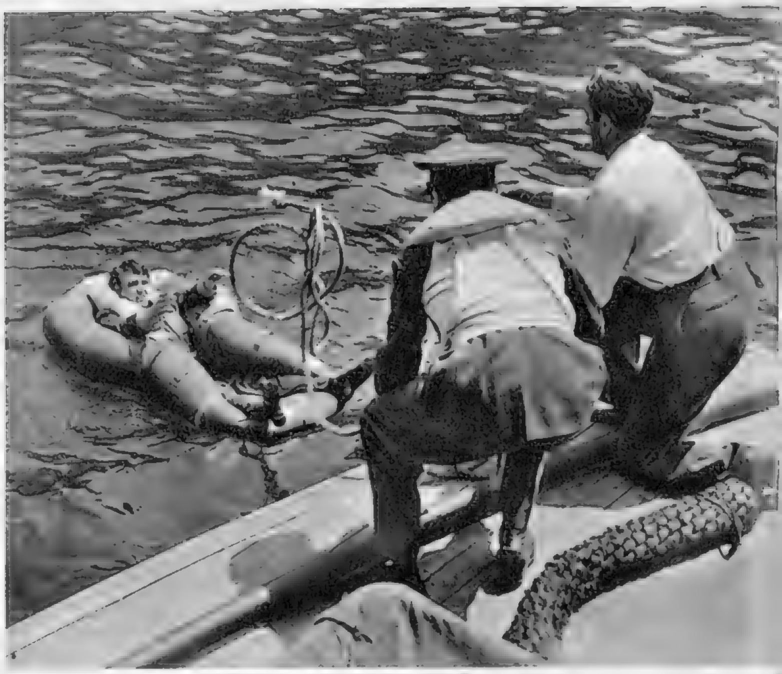
"EAGLE SQUADRON" COMBINED OPS.

SCENES of life with the R.A.F. are presented with great vividness in "EAGLE SQUADRON," Walter Wanger production for Universal Pictures due at the Leicester Square Theatre on July 30. This is not surprising, for with the co-operation of the Ministry of Information, and the R.A.F. authorities, many thousands of feet of film were photographed in the war zone. The flying sequences are magnificent, and the story, harnessed to the experiences of American fighter pilots of the Eagle Squadron, is thrilling. The high spot is the representation of a Combined Operations Commando raid, the object of which is to capture a new German "Leopard" aeroplane and bring it back intact to England. This is achieved, but not without loss of life.

Orders for a Combined Operations raid are given—the object being to capture a new German "Leopard" 'plane. The Air Minister (STANLEY RIDGES) *is on the right.*

YOUNG AMERICA AT WAR BEFORE THE U.S.A. CAME IN:

Dispersal hut: Squadron Leader Carson (JOHN LODER) *giving his pilots instructions before a raid.*



Rescue! Chuck Brewer (ROBERT STACK) *picked up by British sailors after being shot down in the sea.*

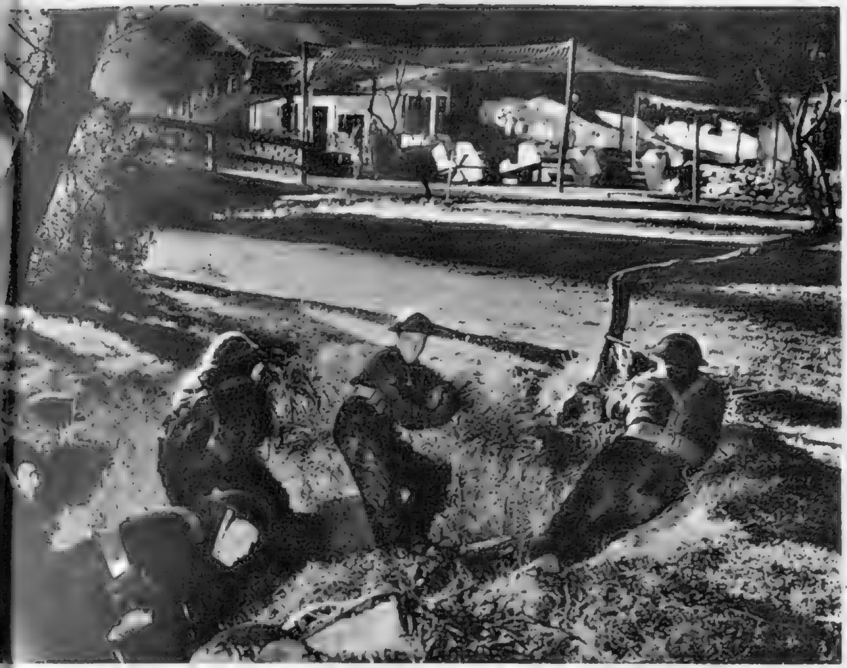
Anne Partridge, W.A.A.F., meets the mascot of Chuck Brewer, Eagle Squadron pilot.

Chuck tries to comfort Anne Partridge (DIANA BARRYMORE), *whose father has been killed in a London "blitz."*

"EAGLE SQUADRON," Universal picture due at the Leicester Squa
of young American pilots who joined the R.A.F. in 1940 and fa
The hero, Chuck, falls in love with W.A.A.F. Anne Partridge, but sh
object of which is to steal one of the new German "Leopard" aero
of Polish extraction, in his flaming hatred of all Germans, upsets the
to seize a "Leopard" and fly it safely home. In the terrible air
operator detailed to the Eagle field, and knows that she will be waiti
Diana Barrymore, who plays Anne,

N.B. Colour pla

"EAGLE SQUADRON"—A NEW FIGHTER PILOT FILM.



Commando raid: Chuck (foreground) and Paddy Carson (left; near camera) out to capture a new German "Leopard" 'plane.

London in the "blitz": wardens are trying to get into a burning hospital.

Chuck gets the surprise of his life when he finds the transport 'plane pilot is a girl, Nancy Mitchell (EVELYN ANKERS).

Decorated for valour: Anne Partridge and Chuck Brewer are given medals for their work.

atre on July 30, is a fine war film based on the story of the handful
the famous Eagle Squadron. They are shown in training and in action.
es to marry during the war. He goes off on a Commando raid, the
and fly it back intact to England. Borowsky (Edgar Barrier), a pilot
of the raid by engaging an enemy patrol, but Chuck Brewer manages
he is cheered by hearing the voice of Anne Partridge, wireless
him when he reaches safety. Both are decorated for valour in action.
ughter of the late John Barrymore.

erted in this issue.

In their air-raid shelter Clem and Mrs. Miniver (WALTER PIDGEON *and* GREER GARSON) *sit reading while the children, Toby and Judy* (CHRISTOPHER SEVERN *and* CLARE SANDARS), *doze fitfully in their bunks.*

Clare Beldon (TERESA WRIGHT) *is troubled in her love for Vin Miniver, an R.A.F. pilot, and his mother does all she can to comfort the girl.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

GREER GARSON, for her flawless interpretation of the part of " Mrs. Miniver."

JAN STRUTHERS' "Mrs. Miniver" (Empire), brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has in the title-rôle a part which GREER GARSON has thoroughly absorbed and perfected. She makes of the typical well-off English middle-class mother a sympathetic, warm and living human being, and any slight American film divergences from the English idiom are slurred over by her constant presence and excellent acting. This film has made a record at Radio City Music Hall, New York, where in an eight-week run up to last week it had been seen by over one million people. We published a page of "Mrs. Miniver" pictures in our issue of June 3, and a single still in our last issue, July 15.

A TRIO OF NOTABLE LONDON PRODUCTIONS.

"SALT OF THE EARTH," *at the Vaudeville. The Bourdin family and French and German soldiers hear Pétain announce the capitulation of France: (l. to r.) Louise* (LEUEEN MacGRATH), *a Poilu* (PATRICK SYLVESTER), *Simon* (JOHN CAROL), *a Sergeant* (GEOFFREY SAVILLE), *two German Privates* (MAURICE PANAMA *and* ALLAN MARSDEN), *Pierre* (TRISTAN RAWSON), *Yvonne* (MARJORIE MARS), *Jeannette* (LOUISE HAMPTON), *Edouard* (GEORGE HOWE), *Grandpère* (MILTON ROSMER).

"SALT OF THE EARTH." *". . . the ghost armies . . . all over France . . . they are . . . they are . . . drilling . . . every night." Simon* (JOHN CAROL) *comes home. His mind and body are broken by the Gestapo, but his one coherent thought is for revenge. Left to right are Simon, a Nurse* (JEAN STANLEY), *Pierre, Jeannette, Grandpère and Louise.*

"LIFELINE," *at the Duchess Theatre. "I don't approve of my officers coming aboard looking like drunken dock sweepings. I'll have you remember you are an officer of the British Merchant Navy, Mister Oulton." Captain McGrath* (WILFRED LAWSON) *ticks off his Second Officer, Larry Oulton* (ROBERT BEATTY).

"SALT OF THE EARTH," by Michael Egan, at the Vaudeville, is a topical play about the ghost armies of the occupied countries, and centres round a French family of farming folk.

"LIFELINE," at the Duchess, is a brilliant and moving play presenting the dangers and hardships of life in the Merchant Navy in war time. It is intensely dramatic and admirably acted.

"THE SPRINGTIME OF OTHERS" is the third production of the Arts Theatre Group of Actors. The run was interrupted for a week from July 18-26 as Jeremy Hawk, young leading actor, left the cast to join up. Dennis Price arranged to take his part when the piece reopened on July 28.

MARY HINTON *gives a brilliant and delicate interpretation of the part of Clarisse Brieule in J. Leslie Frith's translation of Jean-Jacques Bernard's play,* "THE SPRINGTIME OF OTHERS," *at the Arts Theatre. She is a driver in the Civil Defence, and has been given special leave to appear in this play.*

GIRLS WHO FEED THE GUNS.

Completing the assembly of fuses. The girl at the end of the line is screwing the cap into a fuse, which will then be ready for fitting to the shell. Other girls in the line are carrying out various operations in the final assembly of fuses.

And here a paint brush is wielded to carry on war industry. The filled bombs have arrived in the painting and packing shop. The girls first stencil on each bomb a description of what it is, and colour the noses with various bands to indicate contents.

These girls are packing up our "presents for the Hun" in nice, neat parcels! Actually they are engaged on completing the final assembly of filled cartridge bags which will go into service ready for use in the gun for propelling the shell.

There are tailors' shops in some Ministry of Supply factories—but they don't make suits there! This girl is sewing up exploder bags and other textile components on one of the many electric sewing-machines in the shop.

These little objects look rather like moulds for baking cakes—actually they are time fuses. The operative is breaking down some which have just arrived from the factory, a process which prepares them for filling.

And here's one of the reasons why paper is so valuable and must not be wasted. The girl in our picture is putting paper wrappings round exploder pellets for shells. The neat, quick fingers of dressmakers, tailoresses and other skilled young women are well adapted for such work.

PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

CECIL BEATON, *M.O.I. official photographer attached to the Public Relations Department, R.A.F., is just back after a four-months trip covering Egypt, Persia, Syria, Libya, Transjordania, Iraq and Iran. The importance of propaganda enhanced by good photography is now fully realised, and Mr. Beaton's mission included the writing of reports and making some drawings, besides the strenuous use of his camera in taking interesting photographs of the three Services. His book "Winged Squadrons"—pictorial saga of the R.A.F.—has just gone into its second edition.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

EPIC STORY OF A DESTROYER— "IN WHICH WE SERVE."

Right: On leave: Captain Kinross (NOEL COWARD) *with his wife* (CELIA JOHNSON) *and children* (ANN STEPHENS *and* DANIEL MASSEY).

After the sinking of his destroyer, H.M.S. "Torrin,"
is rescued by a sister-ship.

"IN WHICH WE SERVE," the Two Cities Noel Coward film of the Royal Navy, is due for presentation in the autumn. It has H.M.S. "Torrin," a destroyer, as heroine, for the story tells of her adventures on service from her launching in 1938 until she is torpedoed by the enemy. It is a tribute to British sailors in peace and in war, and although it is obvious that no single destroyer could experience all that happens to H.M.S. "Torrin," she is representative, as are all who sail in her, of the British Navy, what it stands for, and what it achieves.

Left: Captain Kinross (NOEL COWARD) *assists one of his badly wounded men, following their rescue from the torpedoed ship.*

Christmas morning at sea: th

Machine-gunned while clinging to a Carley float: survivors of H.M.S. "Torrin."

The Captain goes ashore: NOEL COWAR
she i

' Captain Kinross

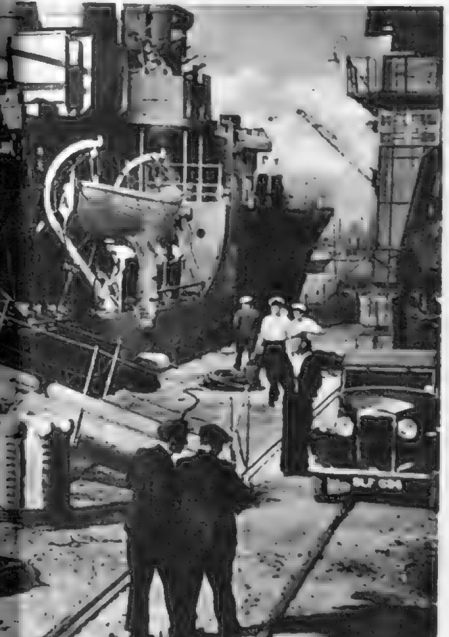
A GREAT PICTURE OF THE ROYAL NAVY AT WORK.

Left: In the battle of Crete: H.M.S. "Torrin" shells native craft carrying German invasion troops.

Captain reads the service to the crew.

NOEL COWARD, who wrote the script of "In Which We Serve" as well as playing the leading part, is producing and co-directing the picture, for which he has composed special music. He stars with John Mills, and the cast also includes Celia Johnson, Bernard Miles, Joyce Carey and other artists, all specially picked to play their various rôles. David Lean is co-director, and every care has been taken to insure absolute accuracy of detail. Experts have been consulted on every point. The picture has been made with the co-operation of the Admiralty and the Ministry of Information.

Right: NOEL COWARD as Captain Kinross, known as "Captain 'D.'" as are all leaders of a Flotilla of Destroyers.



as Captain Kinross leaving his ship when in port.

The Captain (NOEL COWARD; right) sees his ship sink after being torpedoed: moments of agony and suspense.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"BOWEN'S COURT" is the story of a family and a house. Perhaps I should put the house first. Summarising the history of her home, Miss Bowen says:

> Rocking gales, limestone sweats, money embarrassments, complex affections, unhappy alienations, phases of emptiness, lonely obsessions, strictnesses, latitudes, children and soldiers have all . . . left their mark on the house. A Bowen, in the first place, made Bowen's Court. Since then, with a rather alarming sureness, Bowen's Court has made all the succeeding Bowens.

Still, there were Bowens in this north-east corner of County Cork, once the temporary home of the poet Spenser, a century and more before the house was built that was to shape the lives of their descendants. Colonel Bowen, the Cromwellian soldier, was granted the lands on which it stands early in the 1650's. Colonel Bowen came from Wales; his family had been established in Glamorgan from very early times. The house which his great-great-grandson built, bears the date 1775, and is said to have been ten years in construction. Round it lie the estates which the conqueror of Ireland awarded to Colonel Bowen, and which his descendants have tenaciously preserved.

Fantasy and Power.

Tenacity was one of their characteristics, as it has been of many Anglo-Irish families. Though they did not take a prominent part in Irish politics, their history is to some extent the history of Ireland and typical of Anglo-Irish relationships. Miss Bowen never loses sight of this, nor does she fail to notice the parallel between the microcosm of Anglo-Irish disagreements and the world-wide international convulsions of to-day.

> I have stressed as dominant in the Bowens factors we see dominant in the world now—for instance, subjection to fantasy and infatuation with the idea of power. . . . Fantasy is toxic: the private cruelty and the world war both have their start in the heated brain. Showing fantasy, in one form or another, do its unhappy work in the lives of my ancestors, I have been conscious at almost every moment of the nightmarish big analogies of to-day.

Over and over again fantasy shows its power in the lives of the Bowens. There is the apparition of her husband that haunted the bedside of Colonel Bowen's wife—surely one of the most graphically-described ghost stories in literature. Later comes the strange story, productive of much disastrous litigation in the family, of the Kilbolane treasure; later again, the unreasonable, almost crazy hostility of Miss Bowen's grandfather to her father's project of becoming a barrister—almost as though the latter's decision to make a career for himself was a deliberate insult to Bowen's Court. He was one of the few Bowens to find the magnetic pole of his life, for a time, at any rate, away from Bowen's Court; an earlier owner left it for a less worthy reason—to mix in smart society in Bath. The others were content with the life of a country gentleman, and with their beautiful, silver-grey, Italianate house and the streams, woods and mountains round it. Miss Bowen draws a full-length picture of each, and to each she gives an elaborate historical background.

Miss Bowen delves into the past with a subdued fury of intention that animates the whole book. To say that the significance of the Bowens and their house, which is hers, means a great deal to her would be an under-statement: the recovery of the past is a passion, as it was with Proust. It is a disciplined passion and, like other passions, its glow irradiates much that lies outside and beyond its immediate object. The relationship between England and Ireland unfolds before us, a sorry story—Miss Bowen makes no bones about that—but redeemed by a dignity and nobility that its mere episodes would not warrant, and charged with an austere but moving poetry. Passages like the central paragraph of page 182—too long to quote—display a fusion of sensibility and vision, in the definition of what Ireland stands for, that is little short of miraculous.

Polish Exiles.

Mr. Alex Comfort scored a marked success with his political novel "No Such Liberty." Now comes "The Almond Tree," in which, again, he relies on a special and intimate knowledge of foreign countries. The almond-tree stands in the courtyard of a farmhouse near the Rhine, occupied by the Polish emigrant Pyotr, his children and his grandchildren. This patriarch, whose business is wine-growing, is nearing his end. In 1910, the year when the story opens, he dies, and the family is scattered. Ten years later, some of its surviving members return to their birthplace. The many and varied adventures that befall them during this decade make the subject-matter of Mr. Comfort's story.

The almond-tree symbolises the unattainable: the lives of Pyotr's descendants turned out very differently from their hopes. An allegory is generally difficult to follow, and it is doubly difficult here, because it is unassisted by fantasy. Some of the episodes, notably Yeli's appalling experience in the Rue Brassy, might be called fantastic, but they are not really so: they belong to the world of actuality and are described realistically. To detach, let alone keep in mind, their symbolic meaning, is a troublesome business that involves deliberate mental astigmatism. Mr. Comfort is a poet and writes like one. But the poetry, though it shows itself in phrases and in scenes, does not extend (so it seems to me) to the whole conception of the book, or fuse the two planes of reality on which it moves; and as the incidents are sometimes extremely sensational in character, their spiritual meaning tends to be obscured. Mr. Comfort is a writer of talent and sensibility, both of which qualities are plentifully exhibited in "The Almond Tree"; but the story as a whole fails to achieve its twofold object.

Form and Plot.

If form is the skeleton of a novel, plot might be compared to the muscles. Fiction, like the human body, cannot dispense with a muscular system, but in some novels, as in some human beings, that system is much more marked than in others. Nowadays it is fashionable in fiction, as in painting, to pay little attention to this muscular aspect of a work of art; the skeleton must be indicated, but the muscles are often taken for granted. A serious novel with "plenty of plot" is rare.

Mr. Peter Conway's latest story, "The Road Winds Back," is stiff—one might almost say muscle-bound—with plot, and it contains at least two major coincidences, one when the hero, a famous specialist in brain surgery, is called in to operate on his wife's lover, the other when he has to perform the same service for his wife's child by that lover. Both these coincidences are vital to the development of the story, and, of course, they take a good deal of believing. Other important episodes—for instance, the financial embarrassment which decided Lady Leila to engineer the match between her daughter and Dr. Marriott (a middle-aged bachelor nearly twenty years older than Kathleen)—occur at junctures highly convenient for the plot.

On the other hand, the powerful, almost convulsive movements of the narrative not only correspond with, but largely account for, emotional revolutions in the hearts and minds of the chief characters. Marriott and his wife are both represented as being, in their different ways, abnormally moody and impressionable, their natures requiring a kick from Fate before they can find their true orientation. The graph of their reconciliations and estrangements would be much less credible were it not determined by catastrophes, just as their violent, uncompromising emotions would be less convincing if expressed in a more fluid medium than Mr. Conway's over-disciplined and high-stepping prose.

Children in History.

"English Children," Mrs. Lynd's contribution to the Britain in Pictures Series, is, as one would expect, wise, witty, and entertaining. If I say that it is also unexpectedly erudite, this is not a reflection on the author's scholarship, but on my own ignorant surprise that children should be a subject for historical research. "In the mediæval world," Mrs. Lynd observes, "there were no alternatives except to be very well or dead." Families were large, but many of the children died. But they had a better time, perhaps, than in the seventeenth century, when Puritanism enjoined the use of the rod, or in the early eighteenth, when so many parents cast off family cares in Beer Street and Gin Lane, and infant mortality was at its highest. Mrs. Lynd is perhaps a little too sanguine about the results of modern enlightenment on the bringing-up of children: she makes no mention of the increase of juvenile delinquency.

New Zealand.

"Happy the nation that has no history." . . . British rule in New Zealand began in 1840; since then there have been the two Maori wars, but, on the whole, the country has prospered, and the Maoris, who colonised it from Tahiti in 1450, have prospered with it. Well known as a writer of detective stories, Miss Ngaio Marsh, with the collaboration of Captain Burdon, has made a fascinating survey of one of the loveliest countries in our Commonwealth of Nations.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Bowen's Court. By Elizabeth Bowen. (*Longmans; 16s.*)
The Almond Tree. By Alex Comfort. (*Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.*)
The Road Winds Back. By Peter Conway. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
English Children. By Sylvia Lynd. Britain in Pictures Series. (*Collins; 3s. 6d.*)
New Zealand. By Ngaio Marsh and R. M. Burdon. Britain in Pictures Series. (*Collins; 3s. 6d.*)

PAPARA.

4 oz. of cheese. 1 cupful of milk.
4 slices of bread. 1 egg.
1 teaspoonful of salt.

Put through the mincer enough cheese to make four ounces when minced. Cut four slices of bread—it doesn't matter how stale—into fingers, from which the crust has been removed, and cover them with milk. Grease a soufflé dish, sides and bottom, and fill with layers of bread and cheese, beginning with bread and ending with cheese. Don't fill your dish too full, as the Paparà rises. Beat up an egg, mix it with one cupful of milk (the milk in which the bread was soaked may be used), stir in a teaspoonful of salt and pour it over the dish. Leave it in a slow oven for three-quarters of an hour, or until well browned, and serve immediately.

GIELGUD'S "MACBETH," WITH WALTON MUSIC.

JOHN GIELGUD'S production of "MACBETH" recently opened at the Piccadilly Theatre after a successful five-months tour in the provinces. The *décor* and costumes are by Michael Ayrton and John Minton, two young designers new to the theatre, and the special music, composed for the production by William Walton, is notable. It was played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra and recorded for use in the theatre. The production was planned before clothes rationing, so the play is staged on a scale not likely to be seen again for some time.

"You know your own degrees; sit down; at first and last, the hearty welcome": Lady Macbeth (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES) *and Macbeth—now King and Queen—greet the guests at the banquet.*

Left: "Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee." Macbeth aghast at the sight of Banquo's ghost (LEON QUARTERMAINE) *in the banqueting scene.*

Right: "By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes": the Weird Sisters (ERNEST THESIGER, ANNIE ESMOND and DOROTHY GREEN) *await the arrival of Macbeth.*

Lady Macduff (THEA HOLME) *with her son* (DAVID BAXTER) *and Ross* (ABRAHAM SOFAER).

"Oh! Full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife": Macbeth and Lady Macbeth find that their crowns sit uneasily on their heads.

FRANCIS LISTER *as Macduff, a rôle in which he gives an exceptionally fine performance.*

MURDERERS' ROW.

V.—MURDER OF A CLERGYMAN.* By WINIFRED DUKE.

During the golden age of good Queen Victoria there lived a bishop who had seven daughters. Because he was a pious man as well as a bishop he named each in turn after the seven churches mentioned in the first chapter of the Book of Revelation. Once their education was finished there was nothing for the seven daughters to do except marry. They filled in their time with church-work and needlework until seven suitable husbands should present themselves. The palace swarmed with clergy, but unfortunately these were either married already, or sworn to celibacy, or unable to take a wife until they attained higher preferment, and the seven young ladies were not particularly attractive. For one thing, they all looked so much alike that it was difficult for a man to distinguish between them. In addition, they were hedged round with conventions, restrictions, taboos, chaperons, and unwritten laws until they had forgotten how to be natural. At first each was perfectly convinced that she would marry and looked very high indeed. A bishop, like dear Papa, was a possibility; a dean, rural or otherwise, a likelihood; an archdeacon a suitability; a minor canon a certainty; a precentor a probability; a rector rather a descent; and a curate an appalling come-down. As time went on, however, even a curate with matrimonial intentions would have been welcomed with open arms.

One fine June afternoon all seven were sitting in the drawing-room. The windows were shut, and three out of the seven sisters had a screen behind her chair to ward off draughts. Ephesus was completing a crochet peacock destined as a cushion-cover; Smyrna was pressing wild flowers in an album; Pergamos was copying a piece of church music; Thyatira was beginning a strip of tatting; Sardis was looking out a recipe for elder-flower water in a book lent her by the housekeeper; Philadelphia was inditing a long crossed letter to a great-aunt of eighty-nine in Weston-super-Mare, and Laodicea was knitting a pair of bedroom slippers for the bishop in purple wool. Each wore a crinoline, her hair in severe braids, and flowing skirts concealing her ankles. This last was a pity, as all seven, Pergamos in particular, possessed extremely good legs.

Into the scene of domestic peace and industry irrupted the bishop. He was always in a hurry, and in this instance, as he was rushing to conduct a diocesan retreat at Wolverhampton, he had only time to explain that the young man accompanying him was his new chaplain, the Reverend Albert Brindle. The girls were to look after him and give him tea.

The Reverend Albert Brindle was unnecessarily good-looking. Fifty years later he would have been a matinée idol, and in seventy years' time the silver screen would have reproduced his features for the delight of millions. Unfortunately, neither of these avenues for the exploitation of his face being available, he could only enter the Church and simper over a clerical collar. This he did to perfection. Wherever he went he wrought havoc in feminine hearts.

After he had simpered the sisters resumed their occupations, but sat conning their chances. Each was determined to marry him. The fear that he might be already married cast a cold hand over each beating heart, but after the first alarm all decided that he was too young. In any case, when dear Papa returned he could be consulted on the point.

He was not married. He was not even engaged. Better still, he did not profess celibate views. The first evening he told Laodicea that it was not good for man to live alone. He said it so pointedly that she blushed until her cheeks nearly rivalled the colour of the wool she was using. The other six glared balefully at her. Mamma should really speak to her about putting herself forward so immodestly. Not, reflected Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis and Philadelphia, that her unmaidenly behaviour would advantage her one whit. They all knew that men never entertained serious intentions towards a girl who showed herself anxious to attract their notice. The others were well aware that Pergamos had spoiled her chances, if ever she had had any, by lifting her petticoats above her instep when the Dean of Bootle was dining at the palace. The Reverend Albert Brindle could only be shocked, repelled by the bold way Laodicea was endeavouring to monopolise him and act as though she and he were the only people in the room. He had neglected to put down Mamma's coffee-cup, and Pergamos had begun to sing "My heart ever faithful," and he never offered to turn over the pages of her music. Good heavens! Laodicea had actually produced a fresh skein of wool and the young chaplain was holding it whilst she wound it.

Each of the seven young ladies resolved fiercely that she must be the favoured one, and proceeded to bring her heavy guns into action. Ephesus offered to work Mr. Brindle a set of crochet mats for a bazaar destined to benefit a church in Paddington in which he professed a deep interest. This involved consulting him as to pattern, size, depth of edging, and took them both into corners whilst the other six glared from a distance. Smyrna invited him to accompany her and Miss Robot on a flower-gathering expedition and most curiously managed to lose her chaperon for a considerable part of the afternoon. Pergamos lured him into the private chapel and played him organ music which her sisters, taking turns at the keyhole, agreed heatedly had an improperly secular flavour, and Pergamos was certainly showing her ankles as she pressed the pedals. Thyatira professed to have lost all interest in tatting, but the object she was embroidering looked suspiciously like braces. Was it possible that she would dare to complete and present an article of such exclusively masculine wear to a young, unmarried clergyman? She always hid it in her work-box if anybody indicated a tendency to examine it at closer quarters, and Mamma, so gentle and unsuspicious, thought that she was making something for Papa. Sardis reeked of elder-flower water, and the rest overheard Mr. Brindle rallying her gently about painting the lily, which delighted her extremely. Philadelphia obtained the addresses of the chaplain's great-aunts, one bedridden, the other very deaf, and commenced an animated bi-weekly correspondence with both. Laodicea could be seen knitting ferociously, but what was obviously intended to become in time a pair of bedroom slippers was certainly not destined for the bishop. The wool was puce, a colour Papa never wore.

Despite all their efforts as the summer stole on, the seven young ladies began to grow desperate. So far the Reverend Albert Brindle had not distinguished with his attentions any one above the rest, and a chill dread assailed each that he never intended to. It was not as though they alone vied with one another for his favour. There were rivals—dangerous diocesan rivals—within a stone's-throw of the palace. The dean had two daughters, years older than poor Mr. Brindle, and these were constantly bringing messages from their Papa for the bishop, or luring the young chaplain to the deanery. The only hope was that he would see through their machinations and manœuvres in time.

In mid-August the bishop threw his family into consternation, culminating in three cases of hysterics, by the casual announcement that the chaplain proposed to seek another sphere of work. No time, therefore, was to be lost, and each of the seven girls decided to elude the rest and ask the advice of Mother Grocott. This was a highly disreputable old woman who lived in a tumbledown cottage and was reported to possess occult powers. A visit to her involved management and diplomacy, not to mention lying, but all seven accomplished it and each flattered herself that her sisters suspected nothing.

Ephesus stated her business bluntly. She was in love—madly, desperately in love—and wanted a love-philtre which would cause the object of her affections to return them. Mother Grocott admitted to the possession of such an article, but before she would hand it over she required to be substantially reimbursed. As Ephesus had only a small quarterly allowance for clothes and personal expenses she was obliged to forgo a new autumn hat, but considered the sacrifice well worth while if the love-philtre did what Mother Grocott promised. Smyrna arrived next and was similarly supplied for the same consideration. Pergamos fought with the old woman for half an hour, ultimately departing poorer by half a sovereign and the richer by a powder declared to be irresistible in the case of a laggard lover. Thyatira was too terrified to haggle, and paid over her post-office savings bank accumulation without protest for a love-charm. Sardis offended Mother Grocott by declaring that she thought the whole thing a dangerous fraud, but she refused to leave without what she had come for. Philadelphia obliged Mother Grocott to promise to hold her tongue about the transaction—a precaution none of the others had taken—and as she was sneaking out of the cottage she just avoided running into Laodicea, who had had great difficulty in dodging Miss Robot and was convinced that old Canon Bughouse had recognised her at the corner of the road and would tell Papa.

"Are you sure it will do what I want?" she asked Mother Grocott.

"Oh, there's no doubt of that," purred the old woman.

The next problem, after the seven sisters had returned safely and undetected to the palace, each clutching her treasure-trove, was how the love-philtre was to be administered to Mr. Brindle. Ultimately, Ephesus arranged to drop hers in a cup of tea which she was pouring out for him; Smyrna dusted a lump of sugar with hers ere she popped it coyly into the cup; Pergamos concealed hers between the folds of a scone which she handed to him on a special plate; Thyatira managed to disguise hers in a piece of bread and butter; Sardis sprinkled hers over the milk; Philadelphia hid hers in a slice of cake, and Laodicea contrived that Mr. Brindle swallowed her love-philtre in a Sally Lunn. After tea they all sat round, their usual occupations suspended, each wondering how soon the potion would operate. By seven o'clock, apparently the love-philtre had had no effect.

That night the Reverend Albert Brindle was suddenly taken ill and, despite the assiduous attentions of three doctors, the district nurse, the spiritual ministrations of the bishop, and the prayers of the seven virgins, expired at dawn after great agony. His last conscious words were, "Oh, my darling girl!" which, when this had been reported by Papa and corroborated by Dr. Syncope, Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea each imagined to have been intended for her. They did not know, and never knew, that Mother Grocott had an exceedingly pretty daughter whose acquaintance the Reverend Albert Brindle had made in a highly unsuitable manner, and after he had brought her to ruin her mother swore to be revenged. In her alarm each of the young ladies had blurted out the name of the destined recipient of her love-philtre, and it was quite easy to give them all a little white arsenic instead of the bicarbonate of soda which usually composed Mother Grocott's spells. [THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

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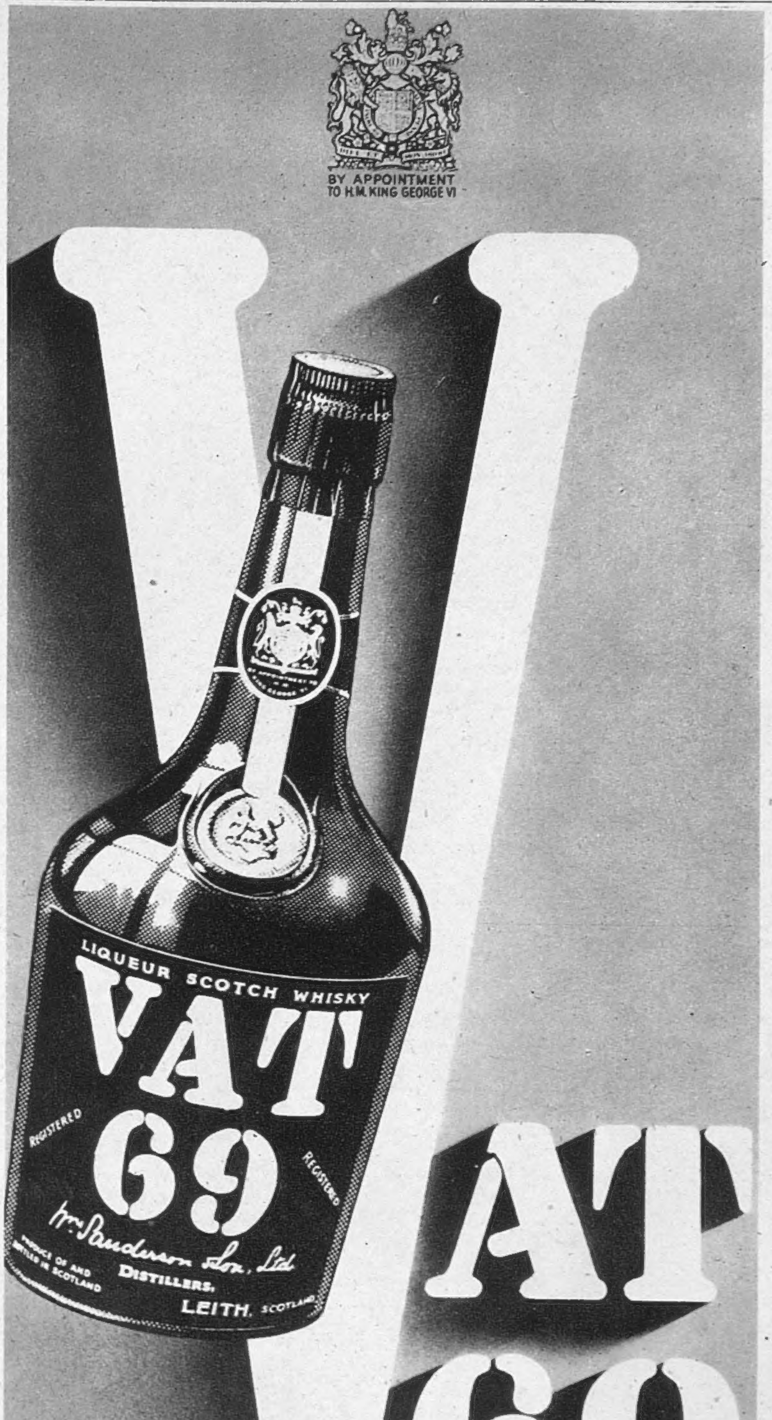

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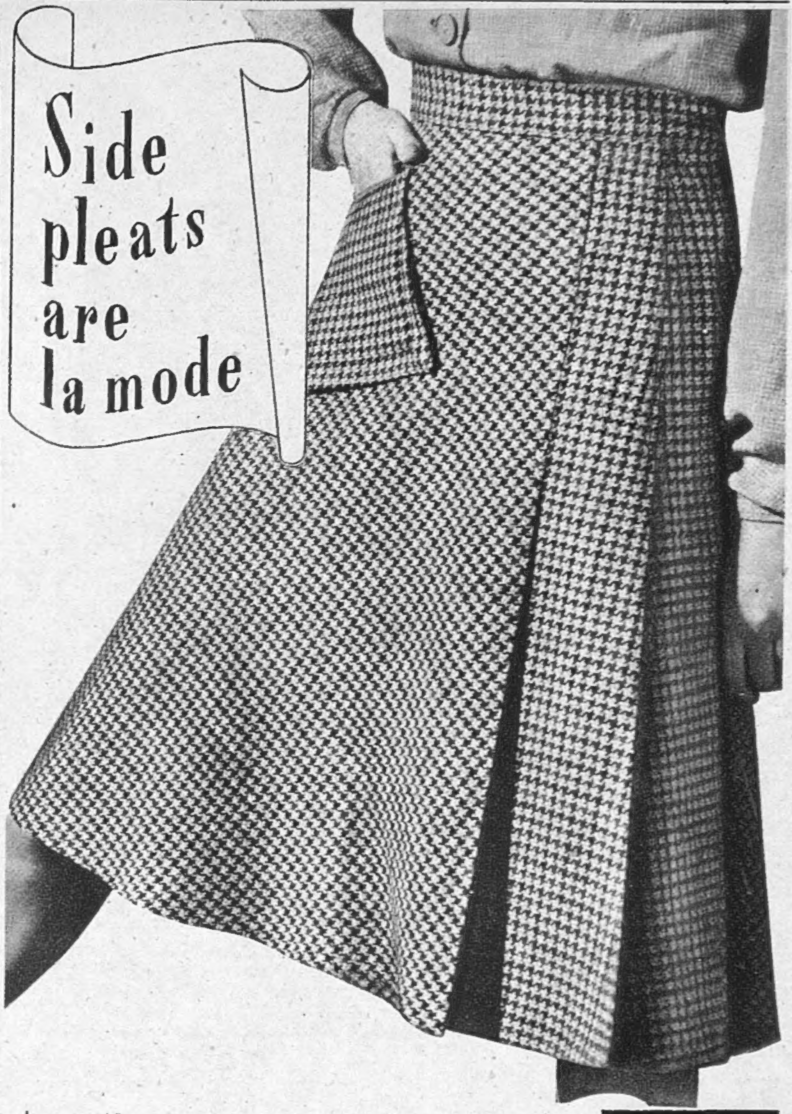

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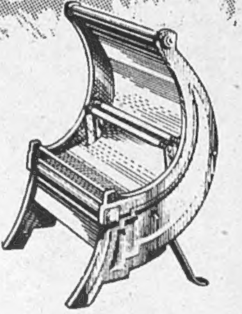

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